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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 14.

JULY 15, 1898.

Vol. XXXIII.

HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD

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GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR •

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH •

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SEMI-MONTHLY



GEORGE Q. CANNON & CO. CHICAGO

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Advertising Manager.



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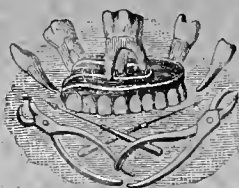
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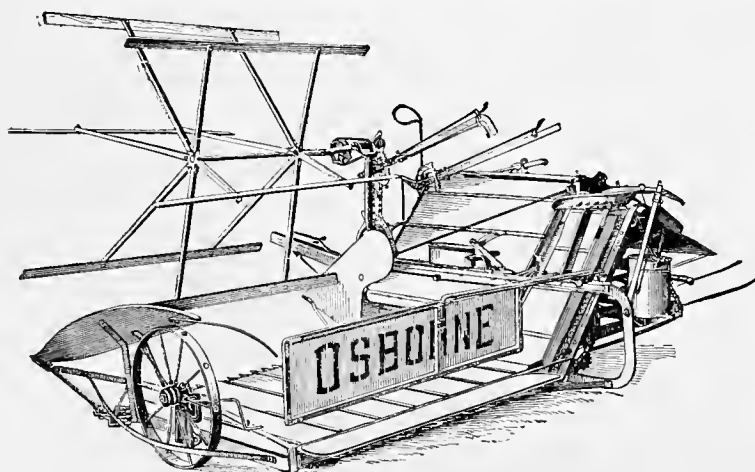
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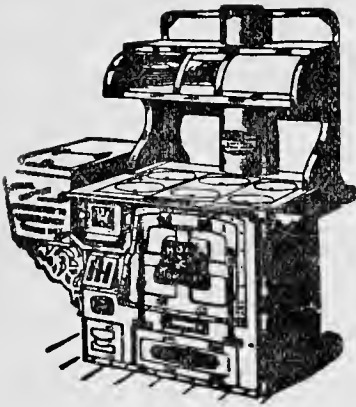
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1898.

No. 14.

IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM Nijni Novgorod, the town last described, the railway leads directly to Moscow, thence to St. Petersburg. These cities, the largest and in other respects the most important in Russia, justly claim more than passing notice; but, before we turn attention to them, it may be well to continue our examination of the main divisions of the empire by visiting some of the most interesting points in Finland; for, when at St. Petersburg, we are within a day's ride of many attractive spots in the country of the Finns.

Finland embraces all of Russia lying north of the Gulf of Finland, between the Scandinavian frontier to the west, and a line running from St. Petersburg to the Arctic Ocean. The native name of the country is *Snomen-maa*, or Land of the Marshes, the French call it the Country of the Thousand Lakes; and it

is probable that our designation, Finland, is a changed form of Fenland, or land of swamps. The name is expressive of the general aspect presented by the inland parts.

Picture a country with bold, rocky shores, presenting to the sea a deeply indented outline, with narrow bays,

suggestive of the typical fjords of the Norwegian coast, a multitude of small islands off-shore, and with an interior, rocky though flat or but slightly undulating, with over thirty per cent of its surface under water. The water bodies are classed according to their superficial extent, depth, and permanence, as lakes



HELSINGFORS, FINLAND.

and marshes, the former occupying fully ten per cent and the latter double as much of the entire area. The rock formations are mostly of granite, syenite, diorite, and allied kinds; these are exposed in great patches, often dome-shaped, smoothed, perhaps polished and striated, in short, possessing

all of the features which the geologist recognizes as proofs of glaciation. To him the country tells for itself a story of its former subjugation by the Ice King, who for long ages held the land under the rigors of an unbroken winter. At that time the great arctic ice mantle enveloped the region, and trailed its frosty folds to the south, far beyond the present boundaries; while numerous glaciers lined the lower valleys and dipped their free ends in the sea.

Large sections of the country are forest-covered, and a great timber trade is maintained, the principal woods of value being birch, pine, and spruce, and in the southern part to a limited extent the oak also. Timber and stone are the chief exports of the country; though rosin, pitch, and potash are important products. The granite of Finland is fine grained, of excellent appearance and durable; it commands ready sale in many foreign countries. In spite of what would appear to be great natural disadvantages, the people are largely employed in agriculture, as also in cattle raising, and beside these occupations, the fishery industry is a steady source of revenue. The soil is poor, and the climatic conditions are unfavorable for many crops; yet Finland is more productive than is the section of Sweden directly opposite, and before its absorption by Russia, Finland was known as the "granary of Sweden."

The climate is severe; seven months of the year belong to winter; but the short summer is excessively hot.* In

the northern part, December and January are sun-less; but the midnight sun is visible in June, and even in the southern Gulf, the summer nights are light from sunset to dawn. On the twenty-first day of July, a full month after the season of the longest days, I was at Hango on the south coast; there I enjoyed the pleasure of a midnight walk through the forest, in the quiet beauty of the evening twilight. At one o'clock I reached the "*Wasa*," on which the journey toward St. Petersburg was to be continued, and as the vessel left the pier, half an hour later, the eastern dawn had begun to strengthen the twilight of the west.*

The inhabitants of Finland have held continuous possession of their country since the latter part of the seventh, or the beginning of the eighth century. They probably found the Laplanders in the northern portions, and with these the Finns have settled down to a condition of peaceful joint proprietorship in the soil. After long and fierce struggles between the Russians and the Swedes, over the possession of Finland, the country became subject to the czar in 1323, and has since remained a part

and near Uleaborg the grain is sowed and reaped within six weeks."—*Scars*.

* Of course June 21, which marks the summer solstice, is the most favorable time for observing the midnight sun in northern latitudes. Mr. J. O. Choules, who accompanied the "North Star" yacht excursion in 1853, wrote under date of June 21, in the roadstead of Kronstadt, Gulf of Finland: "This is the longest day, and the sun did not set till nearly ten o'clock, and then rose again before two; and all the interval was one continued bright twilight, so that we could read the small type of a newspaper on deck with great ease. At half-past twelve a bright halo indicates the proximity of the sun to the horizon during his absence. All were on deck to witness the rise, and I do not think we shall soon forget the novelty of twenty-four hours daylight in one day."

* "The summer season which commences in June terminates in August. Dense fogs are very frequent; heavy rains take place in autumn, and in May and June the thaws nearly put a stop to all traveling. In the north the sun is absent during December and January; but during the short summer, while that luminary is almost perpetually above the horizon, the heat is often very great,

of his domain, though it has retained a well-defined and liberal autonomy in administrative affairs. Officially the country is known as a grand duchy of the empire, and the czar counts among his numerous titles that of Grand Duke of Finland. The government is administered largely by the local officials, all of whom according to the terms of the constitution must be native. The people maintain their own custom houses, and have a distinct coinage.* There is a resident Russian governor with military jurisdiction; but the chief local authoritative body is the diet,



MARKET-PLACE, ABO FINLAND.

composed of representatives chosen by election or appointment from among the ranks of nobility, church officials, land-holding citizens, and peasants. The judicial system is very similar to that of Sweden, except that the pardoning power lies with the czar, who can be

approached through the Secretary for Finland, resident at the capital. Finnish soldiers from separate regiments in the army, and the Finland squadron, with its own flag, constitutes one of the most important divisions of the Russian navy.

The Russians have nominally conquered Finland; but the victors have failed in most of their efforts to assimilate the vanquished population. The country at present is more like a foreign colony than an integral part of the empire, in the vicinity of the capital. The Finns fought against Russia throughout the strife, and resisted annexation to the last; today they have but little pride in the national progress, and would doubtless welcome a return to their Scandinavian allegiance. The most effective changes wrought by Russia in the customs of the Finns are seen in the workings of the church. The old forms of religion are rapidly yielding, and the orthodox faith is as surely gaining ground. Usually, religious practices are among the last of a people's customs to be voluntarily surrendered and the exception here presented is perhaps explicable by the fact that there seems never to have been a well organized native church in Finland, and consequently the skillfully directed proselyting of the Russian hierarchy had little to destroy. The early religion of the native tribes is classed with pagan beliefs; yet in it there was little of brutal ceremony and much of the practical and prosaic.*

* The money unit is the *markha* or *mark*: this is worth about nineteen and one-half cents in U. S. coin, and comprises one hundred pennia. The Finnish mark must be distinguished from the German coin of the same name; the latter is worth twenty-four and one-fourth cents in U. S. money.

* Of the old religion of the Finnish tribes, D. Mackenzie Wallace of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society has this to say: "Their theology consisted, not of abstract dogmas, but merely of simple prescriptions for the insuring of material welfare. Even at the present day, in the dis-

There have been many migrations from Finland, and at the present time there are numerous Finnish tribes retaining their characteristic customs in widely separated regions. Ethnologists recognize, beside the Finns proper, the following classes:—Lapp-Finns, and Permian, Volgian, and Ugrian Finns.

To one who goes to Finland directly from Sweden, the many evidences of close affinity between the people of the two countries will be plainly apparent. Indeed as he associates with the better class of the Finns, and experiences the influence of their kind and generous nature, he will hardly feel that he has

tricts not completely Russified, their prayers are plain, unadorned requests for a good harvest, plenty of cattle and the like, and are expressed in a tone of child-like familiarity that sounds strange in our ears. * * * * Their religious ceremonies have, so far as I have been able to discover, no hidden mystical signification, and are for the most part rather magical rites for averting the influence of malicious spirits, or freeing themselves from the unwelcome visits of their departed relatives. For this latter purpose, many, even of those who are officially Christians, proceed at stated intervals to the grave yards, and place an abundant supply of cooked food on the graves of their relatives who have recently died, requesting the departed to accept this meal, and not to return to their old homes, where their presence is no longer desired. Though more of the food is eaten at night by the village dogs than by the famished spirits, the custom is believed to have a powerful influence in preventing the dead from wandering about at night and frightening the living. If it be true as I am inclined to believe, that tombstones were originally used for keeping the dead in their graves, then it must be admitted that in the matter of 'laying' ghosts the Finns have shown themselves much more humane than other races. It may however be suggested that in the original home of the Finns, * * * stones could not easily be procured, and that the custom of feeding the dead was adopted as a *pis aller*. The decision of the question must be left to those who know with certainty where the original home of the Finns was."

gone beyond the hospitable homes of Scandinavia.

He may be surprised to find in the Land of Marshes a native literature at once extensive and varied, abounding in legends and myths, most of which are descriptive of nature and devoted to the deification of natural forces. The folk-lore of the Finns is rich in story and song. The chief of the old-time compositions is the *Kalewala*, which perhaps deserves to be called an epic poem. Until recent times, this existed in the unwritten form only, and



PEASANT GIRLS, FINLAND.

was preserved in the traditional lore of the people, having been taught by each generation to the succeeding one through oral instruction; now, however, it has been reduced to writing. The poem takes an added interest from the fact that it is composed in an unusual style of verse, the eight-syllabled trochaic, which has been adopted by our American poet Longfellow in his "Song of Hiawatha."

The Finns of the present day show their inherited love for the poetic; they are imaginative, and to a degree mysti-

cal in their conceptions, and the literature of the country is being enriched by modern additions, principally of the lyric kind. They still cherish the superstitions of old, and the fortune-teller may be found in many a village. Our picture represents an elderly woman of the poorer classes, who is ready to predict for any customer, a good, better, or best future according to the fee paid.

The people are kind, hospitable, honest, courageous and industrious. The social relation between the sexes is



FORTUNE TELLER, FINLAND.

regulated by the binding common law of well established custom; and it would be difficult to find a more virtuous people than the Finns and their sister nation, the Swedes, in any part of the Old World. Women are treated with the greatest respect throughout Finland. The people are generally of bold appearance, and of good physical development. While but few can justly be considered even moderately handsome, the greater number present a striking personality, and exhibit assuring and engaging manners. One of the

illustrations shows a group of Finnish peasant girls, whose frank and honest faces will sufficiently attest the truth of the foregoing remarks. The people are very fond of vapor baths, and there is some reason for believing that the Russians, among whom this indulgence is very common, acquired the habit from their conquered subjects, the Finns. The poorer classes live in a very simple style. Their houses are often but the rudest kind of log huts, in the construction of which appearance has not been considered, the chief care of the builders having been directed toward securing protection against the severity of the winter cold. The food of the poor consists mainly of rye bread, potatoes, fish, and milk, with coffee as a common beverage, for which, as also for tobacco, the people have a veritable passion. The bread is made of dark rye meal, and is baked in the form of large circular wafers, a quarter of an inch thick, and from a foot to two feet in diameter; some of these queer loaves I doubt not would successfully stand the blows of a hammer without breaking. It is said that a relatively small consumption of bread is shown by the official reports; after my experience with the bread of the country I am inclined to accept the statement without question, and to believe that there are some very hard facts to support the truth of it.

Boating is a favorite pastime during the open season. The common kind of pleasure boat is a slender pointed shell of the *kaiak* type, made to accommodate but one.* I would estimate the

* The *kaiak* proper (sometimes written *kayak* and *kyak*) is a small canoe formed by stretching skins over a pointed frame, and used as a hunting boat by the arctic tribes. It is generally decked over with hide, except a hole near the center in which the occupant sits. On the south coast of

weight of such a boat of medium size to be between forty and fifty pounds. The craft is propelled by a double paddle, in a forward direction as the occupant sits, and the speed attained is remarkable. By personal experience I learned that no little skill is required to keep a boat of the sort right side up even in still water, yet even the girls and boys of those parts are able to navigate with ease. I saw a boy of about fifteen years, overtake with such a shell, a sailing yacht which was scudding before a stiff breeze.

Of the towns, only those on or near the south coast are of special importance, and of these Abo, Helsingfors and Viborg should be named. Abo is the most ancient city in Finland and prior to 1819 was the capital of the country. Then it was the seat of the university and was otherwise important; now most of its glory has departed. A disastrous fire destroyed a great part of the city in 1827, and but a partial restoration has been effected. An illustration of a scene in the market-place of Abo is given. The goods are exposed under temporary booths, or even on the bare ground without a cover of any kind. As I proceeded to take a snap-shot, the result of which is here presented, the market girls immediately assumed such striking attitudes as to prove that they knew the nature of a camera; and when I closed the instrument the whole bevy swarmed about me, all talking at once in their richly sonorous tongue; but whether they yearned for an impossible view of the picture, or wanted to extort a fee for having posed before me I could not tell.

Helsingfors, the present capital of

Finland the boat is generally made of wood throughout.

Finland, is beautifully situated; and is well protected by the neighboring fortress of Sweaborg; it is spoken of by the Russians as the Gibraltar of the north. As will be seen in the picture, there are numerous large buildings of modern construction, and the city in its general aspect is scarcely different from the large towns of central Europe. In the mid background of the photograph is seen the prominent Swedish church. The streets are well laid out; and along the water front are excellent wharves and an extensive granite quay. Among the principal buildings besides the churches are the senate house, the public library and museum, and the university. The institution last named was removed hither from Abo, where in 1830 it had been founded as an academy by Gustavus Adolphus; it has steadily risen to its present rank of deserved influence, and now maintains a faculty of about thirty professors.

The "Land of the Thousand Lakes," and the people who dwell therein deserve fuller and more considerate attention than has generally been accorded them.

J. E. Talmage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does, or thinks; but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and true.

Do not hurt the feelings of others by saying sharp, sarcastic things. It is better to dispense with that questionable reputation of being smart than merit one of cruelty.

WE know the value of a fortune when we have gained it, and that of a friend when we have lost it.

CANNONS AND CURRANT PIES.

THERE was to be one of the grandest celebrations of Independence Day that the people of Oak Springs had ever known. The grove, which was four miles east of the settlement, and only a few rods from Fishing Creek, was the place of gathering. Everybody was to be on hand at five o'clock on the morning of the Fourth; a great procession was to form, under the direction of Brother John Reed, marshal of the day, and march to the grove, headed by the brass band.

It was Tuesday afternoon, the third, and such a hurrying time, as only a few hours more would bring the welcome morning of the much talked of celebration.

Fanny Reed was among the very busiest of the busy workers. She had done the week's washing on Monday, and with a variety of other household concerns edging themselves in upon her shortening time, she was now doing her best to finish up the ironing. Her mother, who was superintending the cooking, startled Fanny from a reverie into which she was unconsciously falling, even in her unabating haste with her work, by saying, "We haven't enough currants to fill all the pies we have arranged to make, Fanny; you will have to go and pick some more."

"Why mother!" said Fanny, rubbing very fast over the tablecloth she was smoothing with a fresh, hot iron, "How can it be possible that more currants are needed, when we had a ten quart pail full after they were picked over?"

"You see they shrink so with cooking," replied Sister Reed, "and having all those extra men for dinner, there was more of the sauce eaten than I had calculated on. But it is no use wasting time in talking; you know the currant

pies will be our chief dependence for the pic-nic at the grove tomorrow. We must have at least a couple of dozen, so as to help out the Relief Society supplies, for those who are not able to furnish themselves."

"Well, I should think good bread and butter would do for people who have to look to others for their food," said Fanny, rather pettishly, as she slapped the folded tablecloth over the clothes-horse and jerked a bundle of handkerchiefs out of the basket as the articles to be ironed next.

Her mother answered gravely, "Don't you think those poor immigrants who have just come in, and have not had time to rest, much less cook up anything, even if they had things to cook, will enjoy pies and other delicacies as much as any of us? I am surprised at you, my daughter; what is it that makes you so ill-natured today?"

"I am worried, mother," replied Fanny. "It will be supper time before I shall get through with the ironing. I have not done my white waist yet, and I would rather do all the rest of the ironing than that. Wish I had not made it with all those tucks and gathers. But why can't Eddy pick some currants? He's doing nothing but playing with that old gun."

"I am not playing, Miss Fanny," called out her little brother from the door-yard, where he was working away as busily as any of them, trying to arrange a carriage for his little cannon, which seemed to him quite as necessary as any other business that was going on. "Mother said that after I had chopped wood enough to finish the cooking and the ironing, and watered the horses, and changed the irrigating stream from the garden into the calf pasture, I could have time to finish the

work on my cannon, so it will be ready to be fired at four, with the first salute, and then to be taken to the grove."

"Yes, Fanny, what Eddy says is true and he has done his work real well. We must not disappoint him now. Either you or I will have to go and pick two or three quarts of currants before we can finish the pies. If you go, I will nurse the baby and get her to sleep; she has been wanting me to do so a long time, bless her!"

And Mrs. Reed wiped the flour from her hands and answered her baby's coaxing coo with a smile of tenderest sympathy.

Fanny said nothing more, but rolled the handkerchiefs up tight again and tucked them into the basket. She must not be disrespectful and ungrateful to her mother, or selfish toward her brother. She it was who should now sacrifice her personal feelings and desires for the benefit of others. She understood her duty, and did it gracefully, even though she felt that she should cry about it as soon as she was out of sight. Taking a four-quart bucket, and putting on her sunbonnet, she only paused long enough to kiss the baby as it nestled against her mother's breast and then hurried into the garden.

Eddy looked up at her as she passed, but she did not even return his glance, much less stop to comment on his work in the usual way.

"Fan's mad at me now," thought the little boy, and somehow a slight prick of his conscience made him feel uncomfortable; even if he had not done wrong, he felt as though he had not acted very generously toward the sister who had washed and ironed his best Sunday clothes so carefully, so that he might be dressed neatly the next day. After that

his work did not go on so pleasantly. He probably grew nervous over it (a very bad thing to do), and split a piece of board he had taken great pains to measure and fit exactly in the end of his gun-carriage, while trying to drive a nail into it. He felt almost discouraged then, for it would take so long to fit another piece, besides he did not know where to look for one that would do.

"It's because I was mean to Fanny that all this trouble comes to me," Eddy said to himself. And when his little sister Desie called him to help her carry a bucket of feed to the chickens, he laid down his tools without a word, and helped Desie with the feeding of the barn-yard fowls, and some other chores, until he felt that perhaps he might be forgiven if he kept on trying to be good; and then he took up his own work again with renewed courage.

As Fanny passed down the garden path, although the sun was scorching hot, she began to realize that after all the change from indoor heat to outdoor air was beneficial, and to think that perhaps the rest of the ironing would not be so much of a drag when she should return to it.

At the north side of the garden, and along a portion of the west side, a tall, thick hedge of wild-rose and oak bushes formed a delightful shade. And Fanny found that she could rest in that pleasant shade and pick currants, which were plentiful, with very little exertion. The garden having been irrigated that morning, and the water turned off long enough so that the ground under her feet retained just sufficient dampness to assist in cooling the atmosphere, added to the comfort of the occasion. On the other side of the hedge a stream of water rippled along with a soft, low gurgle which sounded like music to Fanny,

who was eighteen now, and having day dreams of love and matrimony.

There was one drawback in the little romance the girl was living. She had two genuine lovers, and was in love with both of them, and unable to decide which was most worthy of her best and truest affections. This state of affairs had existed for some time, and was beginning to make every one who was concerned in it uneasy.

The young men, Jode Clark and Harry Dell had been fast friends from childhood, and their experience as rivals for Fanny's favor had not separated them. They were still seen together on all occasions the same as before the wooing began.

While Fanny picked currants and dreamed of her lovers that afternoon, was it any wonder that her heart gave a great leap when the sound of horses' hoofs began to mingle with that of the rippling waters? Why should not the roses on her cheeks grow brighter as the blood coursed more rapidly through her veins? The approaching tread of the hoofs soon gave evidence that two horses galloped side by side. And Fanny felt by some instinctive power she could not analyze that the horses carried her two heroes, Jode and Harry. More than this, she felt that by some means her future and theirs, at least that of one of them, was about to be settled; that through some unmistakable token she should soon discover which of the two young men she would do best to make choice of as a husband.

As the horses were reined in and stopped to drink at the stream of water, the voices of the riders were distinctly heard by the maiden, although they were entirely concealed from her view, and she from theirs by the hedge. Her impressions she soon discovered had

been correct; the voices were those of her friends.

"Shall you ride this horse tomorrow, Jode?" asked Harry.

"No, sir," answered Jode. "You know the little buggy I traded for last week; I got that for a particular purpose, for which it will be used tomorrow."

"By your father and mother, I suppose," said Harry.

"No, indeed," replied Jode. "You are not half smart at guessing; it will be used first, most and always by Fanny and myself!"

"Oh, Jode!" cried Harry, "I have never thought you so selfish, or so careless of the comfort of your seniors. But you will not get Fanny to ride with you in that handsome, easy little concern, and leave your mother and hers to go in a heavy old wagon with the younger children to look after, see if you do."

"Why not?" questioned Jode. "Our parents have all been young once, and had their gay times. Why should not we have ours now?"

"We can have as gay and as good times as we like, without doing things which show a disregard for the ease and comfort of the parents whom we should honor above all others. Now your parents are beginning to grow aged; do you think it would look well in you to ride in that light, easy rig and let your father drive a two-horse team on a farm wagon?"

Harry paused, and Jode laughed a long, low laugh, and then said:

"I see how it is, old boy. We are nearing a crisis; I am gaining the advantage, and you feel it, and naturally enough you revolt at it. I cannot blame you, Harry; but nevertheless whatever you say against it will not alter my pur

pose; Fanny will ride with me in my little beauty of a 'double-chair' tomorrow and lots of other times. And we shall settle up matters now in short order. They have run on this way long enough and I propose to make Fanny answer me square tomorrow; and you may as well know that as soon afterwards as possible I shall marry her."

Harry's answer to this was given in a very low decisive tone, but Fanny heard every word of it and knew exactly how his face looked while he was saying it. "Jode Clark," he said, "if Fanny Reed will ride with you in your buggy tomorrow, and see both of your mothers trailing after you in lumber wagons, you are welcome to her for all of me; I do not want her, even if I should die from the disappointment of having to give her up."

Jode tried to laugh again, but it was a sort of stage laugh this time, and he said, "You may as well bid me welcome to her Harry, for the game is just about up, and I shall be the winner. But you will not die over it. There are plenty of other good girls, and you must look around and find you one."

"But suppose she will not ride with you, Jode; don't you be so sure, or your disappointment may be very severe. I still have faith in the purity and unselfishness of the only woman——"

Fanny heard no more of the conversation, for the horses started off at that point of it; but she had heard enough, and had filled her bucket with currants.

Eddy wondered at the bright smile Fanny gave him now, as she flitted past him into the house; and her mother observed with a pleased look that she had been spry in picking the currants, and that certainly the change in her work had been good for her, for when she went out she looked as if she were

going to cry, and she came back almost laughing.

"Yes, mother," answered Fanny, "it has done me good, and I am glad, so glad you insisted on my going for the currants. Now, I wish I could iron and attend to the cooking, too; maybe I can for awhile, and you go out in the shade and rest. Sit outside and pick the currants over, you and Desie, wont you?"

And Fanny kissed her mother tenderly, with a feeling that she could hardly wait until a proper time came to tell her what had happened, and that she was as good as engaged to Harry Dell.

Then she went at her ironing again, thinking over and over how very fortunate she had been in overhearing as much of the conversation between her rival lovers as she had that afternoon. It had shown her which of them possessed the most generous and noble heart and she knew now which would be willing to sacrifice most for her happiness, and which would best appreciate the self-sacrificing, unselfish woman she was striving to become.

"What if Jode had asked me to ride in his buggy without my having overheard their talk, and I had been so thoughtless as to have accepted the offer," she said to herself. "Then Harry would have begun to despise me, and would have left me to Jode, and I should have married him, and we might have gone on growing more and more selfish and wicked. Oh, what a blessing to me that mother sent me to pick those currants, and that Eddy would not go!"

She had just ironed Desie's white apron, and she went into the bedroom to put it on the bed for the time being, when she stopped short and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, precious mother, who else can ever be as good as you are?"

There on the bed, beautifully ironed and covered with mosquito-bar, was the troublesome white waist with the tucks and gathers she so dreaded to iron.

"Yes, Harry, you are right, always right," she continued, talking to herself, "our parents should have our best love and honor, next to our Father in heaven. Oh! I am sorry Jode is so far from seeing aright, not on my account but his own."

That evening, after sunset and before dark, Jode and Harry called at Brother Reed's together, as they often did. Harry stopped where Eddy was still at work on his cannon carriage, and with a few suggestions and a little skillful work, soon helped the boy to complete what by himself he might never have accomplished.

"I am so glad you came over, Harry," said Eddy. "I never should have thought of using that piece of leather or those strips of tin. I don't believe I could have got my cannon ready at all if you had not helped me. I know several of the boys who have their little cannons arranged, but not one of them is done as well as you have fixed mine. I am so much obliged to you."

And then the two went forward to where Jode and Fanny sat on a pile of fence poles, and were just in time to hear Fanny say, "It's no use talking, Jode, mother could not do without my help; I shall ride with her and the little ones, and help look after them and the picnic."

Eddy said he was going to bed then, and had come to kiss his sister good-night. He thought she must have forgiven him for being unkind to her about the currants, without his asking her to, for she kissed him twice instead of once, and clung to him rather fondly.

He returned her embrace, hung upon her, and whispered in her ear, "You can take my Biddy colt, if you will, and ride with the horseback riders, and I will help mother with the baby and the victuals."

"Thank you, Eddy, maybe I will; we'll see in the morning," said Fanny. And Eddy went off to bed, feeling that he had at least in some degree atoned for having acted selfishly in the afternoon. And still, he had to acknowledge to himself that the kind proposition he had made to his sister was not entirely devoid of self interest.

The truth was he wanted to ride in the wagon, near his pet cannon, and see that it was not accidentally left behind, or put in where it might tumble out, or be knocked about and injured. Boys twelve years of age, who delight in the noise and smoke of cannons, are not, as a rule, angelically unselfish, and Eddy was not unlike his fellow-boys.

The next morning, however, when Harry Dell came up to help Fanny Reed on to the fine, handsome colt her brother had given her the privilege of riding to the grove, he thought Eddy was one of the best little boys he had ever known, and felt glad to think he might soon be a very near relation to him.

Harry and Fanny had every opportunity of disclosing to each other their true sentiments that day, for Jode kept a respectful distance, and must have learned a good lesson from what he suffered; it must have been what he needed to help him to see his selfishness and to begin to overcome it. For his father and mother rode in his buggy, and he often rode up beside them on his horse, and seemed unusually anxious to do all he could to make the day happy for them.

And Jode got his reward for his good behavior that day, too, though he knew it not for some time after. Half a dozen girls fell in love with him because of his attentiveness to his mother, and when dancing and games were going on, he was the most popular young gentleman in the whole company. To be sure that did not heal the wound of disappointed love in his heart, but it soothed the pain considerably, and helped him to bear it with brave resolution, which demanded more sympathy than groans and sighs could ever have gained. And when, two years after, he married Nellie Coates, a very lovely girl, he made an excellent husband.

The celebration of that Fourth of July was a complete success. "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Hail Columbia" were all sung and the "Declaration of Independence" was read, each in its proper time; and toasts and sentiments were given, and innocent pleasantries indulged in without stint, to say nothing of the noise produced by the firing of guns and small cannons, and all the good things that were eaten.

Of the toasts, sentiments and funny sayings offered upon that memorable occasion, the following are samples:

"Our Country. — May it never cease to be a land where all inhabitants shall be free, and the grandest republic in the world." John Reed.

"Utah. — As the State of Deseret may she soon shine forth one of the brightest stars on our nation's glorious ensign." Joseph Clark, sen.

"Here's to our little boys with paper caps and miniature cannons. May they never shrink from duty in the defense of virtue, truth and liberty." Grandma Mitchell.

"Question. — 'Why are Grandma Mitchell and Harry Dell alike? Answer.

Because neither of them can get along without a 'Fan.'" Saucy Youngster.

Conundrum. — "Who in this company is like the old rancher on the other side of the creek? Answer. The young woman who lays claim to an entire 'Dell,' carefully surveys the same, sets her stakes and allows no room for trespassers." Lady School Teacher.

"The Latter-day Saints. — God's chosen people; not specially called because of their great goodness, but should be specially good because of their great calling." H. Dell, Sen.

"Here's to Sister Reed's currant pie.

May she never lack for a full supply.

May the memory of this day never die.

While American's celebrate the Fourth of July." Witty Immigrant.

This is a good stopping place, but to make the account satisfactory, perhaps, it must be stated that Harry and Fanny were married the following autumn.

L. L. G. R.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

TODAY (May 3rd, 1893) while strolling around on the streets of Jerusalem to see some of the strange sights, the writer concluded to visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (a description of this important church will follow later). It is now nine years since he was there, hence a new visit would greatly refresh the memory. Now the city has a great many visitors, pilgrims and tourists, which all adds to the interest. Upon entering, the first object that caught the eye was the big flat stone upon which it is said that Christ was laid when He was embalmed for His burial. This arrested the attention of every Catholic visitor. All bowed to this stone, and after performing their signs of the cross, they bowed and humbly kissed the stone,

some several times, and some kissed the cornice around the stone. The writer stood watching in great wonderment, for the ragged street arab of Catholic faith, little as he might be seemed to understand that it was his duty, he was taught the business, and he did it to perfection.

A little farther to the left is the sepulchre itself. This beautiful structure was entered by first one then another of the devout pilgrims, who crossed themselves and bowed and kissed and prayed. And why should they not? They often come thousands of miles to visit this place; they believe it is their duty if possible to visit these shrines; they are taught to believe that it is to their salvation, and they certainly seem to believe it. After our turn had come, it was noticed that there was something unusual to be performed, as the little Roman Catholic boys were dressed up in the red and white robes, and having candles in their hands. We determined to see what this all meant; therefore taking our place in the crowd, we presently heard the bells begin tolling. At first it was thought that a funeral was on, but soon the procession of boys led on, and after a short march over to this dressing stone, the procession formed around this stone. The bells kept on ringing and the crowd gathered around thicker and thicker. It was soon evident that they awaited someone. The priests were anxiously waiting and looking, and the old, lazy Turks who have to keep the door clear and otherwise keep order, and keep the priests from killing one another, moved more quickly than usual. One went up to a monk, who seemed to be the chief official, and said something to him, when the latter pulled out his snuff-box and treated himself and the Turk to a good snuff, as though they were to sneeze out all the humbug

connected with the coming ceremony. All at once a double file of monks, about forty in number, came in sight. At once the officiating priest sprinkled holy water on the stone, then prayed over the stone, while kneeling on a silk cushion. The procession was headed by three men from the French consulate, who pounded on the stone-paved floor heavily with their staffs, while they slowly led the procession to the first starting point to a side chamber, where a holy crucifix and other fixtures were formed, together with all other necessities to perform high mass. Here the large organ was playing. Soon the procession proceeded back the same way past the grave (?) of Jesus, and to a place where it is said the cross of Christ was found.

When our crowd came up immediately after the monks it was found that the chapel in the cave beneath the church was filled. Now the mystery was solved why so many Mohammedan women and also Catholic sisters and their pupils had come in early and made their way off in that direction. They knew of the ceremony, which is attended with great pomp and a great parade in this church. It is to them a theatre to see so many curiously dressed, carrying so many candles, crucifixes, and other apparatus, making a great show over nothing. Surely they could not ask for better pastime!

Not being able to enter, we cannot state exactly what happened in the cave chapel; but this can be said, they performed high mass in the place where it is said that the cross was found. After mass, then the procession parades the church, and the ceremony is over.

This ceremony is repeated every year. The four large branches of the Catholic Church--the Roman, the Greek, the

Abyssinian, and the Armenian—have all had their turn at it. Thus they honor the supposed places where the Savior died and was buried. They show every consideration to past events, but have no toleration for the present movements of God. They decorate the sepulchres of the Savior and the saints of God in former ages, but the saints present they kill and persecute. Yea, even those not of their own religious type, though they make no very great pretension, are often victims of their fanaticism.

By looking over the situation one can easily be led to think that the Savior and a number of the saints arranged their deaths just to suit the convenience of the coming Catholic Church. They have a remarkable lot of tombs to show of saints (?) who have been buried inside of that church. Now it is evident that it is all humbug, so far as the place is concerned. And then when you remember that the cross, said to have been found in the cave, has furnished many cords of wood to supply the demand for a piece of the Savior's cross, you may know of the swindle.

The idolatry performed in that church is evidently of the greatest of its kind in the world. They may argue that these things are only to bring to remembrance the sufferings of Christ, and that the pictures are only figures before the eye, to represent the mediators who will intercede for them; still it is just the same as every other idolator says who is intelligent, for he will tell you his wood and stone or other object only represents his god and is not the God itself.

But the Lord has said we should not make any image of God in heaven above nor on the earth beneath. It is not pleasing to Him. He wishes to be worshiped in spirit and in truth, by

keeping His commandments. Then the representation of His person and His power will be in our souls, and the hope of eternal life will be sufficient to our minds, without looking upon an image, which is in all cases a false representation of deity.

It is indeed sad to look upon these misled people who are ignorant in the extreme.

Today a funeral procession passed our window, made up of a crowd of poor old Russian pilgrim women, led by a few priests. They sang, or chanted rather, sweetly as they passed by. This attracted our attention to the window, when we were astonished to see the women bearing the bier upon their shoulders quite briskly, chanting pleasantly as they marched along, with their comrade barely covered with a cloth.

These pilgrims do all their pilgrimaging on foot from Jaffa to Jerusalem, Nazareth and Tiberias by way of Tabor and back, a distance of about 250 miles. While we were at Tiberias there was said to be 1800 there at once in one company. Many of them are old and look quite feeble. They may be seen leaving all these sacred places chanting, feeling their salvation is sure as they have paid their homage to the shrines.

Friis.

KEEP your heart warm by feeling for others, and your powers active by work done in earnest.

IF you would convince a person of his mistake, accost him not upon that subject when his spirit is ruffled.

WHEN worried and disheartened, get out into the country, put your head on God's green grass and look up at God's blue sky.

RAILWAY BUILDING IN UTAH.**How It Began and How It Progressed—Interesting Incidents of Its Progression Never Before Told.**

It is not a difficult matter for some of our people who are several removes from old age to remember the building and completion of what was then the Utah Central Railway, connecting this city with Ogden. Its names, management, methods and ownership have changed several times, and it is now but a small fraction of the vast Oregon Short Line system. While it was under construction not a few people hereabout gave expression to the belief that the road would be a flat failure from the start, that if it paid running expenses for a while it would do well, and such a thing as dividends should never be counted on. These pessimistic individuals perhaps enjoyed the situation during the first few weeks of the road's existence as an actual carrier, for the business was not brisk and the stockholders may have been called on once or twice to come to the rescue; if so, they did it in a way that never leaked out, for the road never missed a trip and there were no shortcomings or failures other than those incidental to any new line, so that the public never knew but what it was a paying investment from the start. All at once the receipts from all sources began to grow, trade and traffic picked up in a wonderful manner, and the Utah Central in less than a year became and continued the best paying road in the country. As in the case of all other great and useful enterprises, President Brigham Young was one of the foremost promoters and heaviest subscribers to the stock of the enterprise, and when it became a splendidly paying concern some of those

who had predicted its failure from the start, contented themselves by saying, "Oh, it isn't much of a road; thirty-seven miles over a perfectly level tract of country, and a lot of boys working it, of course it pays; everything that comes in is profit." In a manner similar to this, others than those herein referred to have found refuge after prefiguring the impracticability of projects set on foot by the great leader of the Pioneers.

The building of the road was begun on the 17th of May, 1869. Ground was broken near the Weber river, on the Ogden side, and was not attended with great demonstrations for the reason that the advent of the Union Pacific from the East a short time previously had "taken the wind out of the sails" of the later occasion—that is, the people had become used to railroad building and all things relating thereto. So adaptable an animal is the human that a seven-day wonder of the most stupendous character—which the arrival of the first railroad in Utah unquestionably was—lasted just about that long and then became by rapid stages an old story. There were a good many people in attendance, naturally a goodly portion from this city, and ground was broken by President Young after an appropriate speech. Ceremonial and demonstrative proceedings were reserved for this end of the road, where a vast majority of the people had still to look upon the iron horse, at least in Utah, for the first time. Tracklaying was completed on the 10th of January following, and an entertaining program of exercises had been arranged as an accompaniment to the laying of the last rail and driving of the last spike. This latter was of Utah-made iron and was handsomely polished and engraved. It was put in place and

President Young struck it a few blows with a hammer, not hard ones, of course, for such were not needed, every thing having been made easy beforehand. There were several thousand people present at the grounds, where the Short Line depot now is; there was music galore and oratory abundant, everybody partaking fully of the spirit of the occasion. It was one of Utah's great days. For a good while the Central made the passenger run from here to Ogden in two hours and of course the same back, running but one train, and charging at the rate of a dollar an hour each way, or four dollars for the round trip. It is scarcely necessary to say that all this has been greatly changed. Utah had now got thoroughly "into the swim" and could not let a great deal of time elapse without having the metropolis connected in bands of steel with other parts of the Territory. The Utah Southern Company was organized in January, 1871, and ground was broken here on the 1st of May following. Grading was contracted for and the construction pushed slowly but steadily along, and by September, 1873, had reached Provo, then the most important point south of here, and where it took a rest for a while. It was then pushed to a point just south of the divide below Santaquin, in 1875, the more exact time of completion to this point being April 1, a very suggestive if not appropriate time for the beginning of the mushroom town which sprang up with the completion of the road to that point, to which the pretentious name of York was given. Here a long rest was taken, and when a start was next made, which was not for several years, a greater stretch of territory was built over than all the track of the Central and Southern to York covered, no step of any

consequence being made till the cars rolled into Frisco, then a booming and prosperous mining camp, but of late years considerably shorn of its consequence.

The building of this section of the Utah Southern and its early career were productive of many incidents of interest. The song writer Cy. Warman has made something of a reputation by writing syndicate narrations of events of more or less consequence incidental to or connected with the early career of railways in the west. Some of his stories are decidedly entertaining, others not so much so; some rest upon occurrences possessing importance and genuine merit, while others are skillfully woven into a passable (at least a salable) fabric, out of rather indifferent materials. I will here relate a couple of events in the early history of the Utah Southern that are guaranteed to be of more genuine interest than, although of course not so well told as, anything of Mr. Warman's production I have seen for a long time; being strictly true does not, assuredly, diminish their quality.

In the long, tortuous canyon pursued by the road shortly after leaving Juab a number of bridges spanning the Sevier river, which is sometimes a very dangerous stream. The general trend of this canyon is west, though at times it runs north, south and almost every way but straight ahead. The last of the bridges is just as the road emerges from the defile, a short distance west of the village of Leamington. I once had to wait this side of that bridge for the greater part of a day because a section of it had been broken down and a wrecking crew were hard at work on and around it; this was shortly after its construction. The means by which the disaster occurred

and the attendant circumstances were little less than marvelous. A box car at the rear of a construction train which was passing over the bridge had by some unaccountable means left the rails, and wrenching itself from its fastenings, had tumbled with an awful crash into the frozen stream some eighteen feet below. The jar which its passage over the sleepers before the plunge downward was made had caused the partial demolition of that part of the structure. It was midwinter, and the ice on the surface of the stream was two feet thick. To add to the awful possibilities of the situation, three or four young men, employees of the company, were in the car when it fell. How was it possible that they could escape?—especially when we consider that the ice was not broken anywhere, but only dented where it was struck and the car was smashed into minute fragments! Here is where the wonderful part of it comes in: Not one of the men was hurt at all, not even scratched! There were the remains of the car scattered all over the ice, and its former occupants, who, under anything like ordinary circumstances, would also have been more or less scattered, helping to repair the bridge!

The other incident occurred at the same place, a little while before. A mixed train had arrived and stopped where we had to stop. It was there when we arrived. An examination of the cars showed that one of the cars midway of the train had no forward trucks. These were both found uninjured a short distance behind. They had become detached while the train was in full motion; one had dropped off on one side and the other on the other side of the track, without creating the slightest jar or impeding the motion of the

train enough to attract attention. The car was held in place by its coupler; had this given way there would have been a wreck. But without this feature of the case being considered at all, it is a safe venture to say that if such an incident as the detachment of even one truck were to happen again while the cars were running at ordinary speed, it would not so accommodately get out of the way without taking the rest of the train with it; but what about two of them behaving in that splendidly circumspect manner at the same time?

S. A. Kenner.

THE GOSPEL IN ANCIENT BRITAIN.

Testimony of Various Christian Fathers That the Apostles Visited Britain— From Clement to Nicephorus— Opinions of Modern writers.

CHAP. VI.

“Wandering through the West
Did holy Paul awhile in Britain dwell,
And call the fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent streams invest?
Or he, whose bonds dropp’d off, whose prison doors
Flew open, by an angel’s voice unbarr’d?
Or some of humbler name to these wild shores
Storm-driven, who, having seen the cup of woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard
The precious current they had taught to flow?”

Let us now examine the testimony that exists that some of the Apostles visited and ministered in Britain. That chain of testimony is unbroken for several centuries. Author after author affirms without hesitation that such was the case.

Clemens Rōmanus,* the intimate

*Clemens Romanus, otherwise Clement I., one of the earliest Bishops of Rome. Some believe

friend and fellow laborer of Paul, says: A. D. 96 (I. Epistle ad Corinth) "St. Paul preached in the East and West, leaving behind him an illustrious record of his faith, having taught the whole world righteousness, and having traveled even to the utmost bounds of the West."

This statement will undoubtedly include Britain, if we consider what is meant by "the bounds of the West." Other writers use this same expression. Plutarch, in the life of Cæsar, speaking of his expedition into Britain, says: "He was the first who brought a fleet into the Western ocean;" by which he understands the sea between Gaul and Britain. And Theodoret (Hist. Religios xxvi, 331) reckons up the inhabitants of Spain, of Britain and Gaul, ("who", saith he, "lie between the other two?") as those "who dwell in the bounds of the West;" and among these the Britons must be in the utmost bounds, because the Gauls lie in the midst. Herodotus (lib. iv. 273) says, "The Celtic are the most western of all Europeans." Cave also, in his life of St. Paul, says, that by the "Islands that lie in the ocean," Theodoret undoubtedly means Britain.

In the second century Irenæus* A. D. 178, asserts that "the church in his time was spread throughout the world; and particularly specifies the churches

him to be the same as the Clement mentioned by Paul in Phil. 4: 3. Nothing is known with certainty of his private history, except that he was a prominent elder in the church. He died probably about A. D. 100. His writings, which were numerous, were held in high estimation by the ancient church.

* Irenæus.—A celebrated Greek church father. He was a native of Asia Minor; studied under Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna; became Bishop of Lyons in 177, where he was martyred about A. D. 202 in the persecution under the emperor Septimus Severus.

in Germany, Iberia (i. e. Spain), among the Celts (i. e. in Gaul and Britain), in the East, in Egypt, in Libya, and in the center of the world, by which he no doubt means Palestine (lib. i. c. 2, 3). He is speaking of the *Regula Fidei*, or Rule of Faith, as the sacred treasure committed to the church, and says, "There is no difference of faith or tradition in any of these countries; but as the sun, God's creature, is one and the same in all the world, so also the preaching of the truth shines everywhere, and lighteth every one who will come to the knowledge of the truth. Living so near to the time of the Apostle, Irenæus may be considered one of the most important witnesses of the truth delivered by them."

Tertullian (A. D. 193-220)* speaks of the church having extended to all the boundaries of Spain, and the different nations of Gaul, and part of Britain, inaccessible to the Romans, but subject to Christ. "His allusion to the fact is quite incidental; but from the manner in which he introduces it, we cannot help concluding that it had been for some time established. He is arguing with the Jews (Tertul. con. Judæus, c. 7) that the Messiah whom they expected, was already come."

Mr. Yoewell says: "Though Irenæus and Tertullian, in their testimonies, do not expressly mention Paul, yet the conversion of Britain to Christianity is acknowledged by both; and the planting of Christianity in Spain, and in the

* Tertullian.—Born at Carthage about 150 A. D.; died about 230. A celebrated ecclesiastical writer, one of the fathers of the Latin church. He became converted to Christianity about 192; lived in Rome and Carthage; and became a Montanist about 203. His chief work is his "Apologeticus," a defense of Christianity called forth by the persecutions under Septimus Severus.

Celtic nations is recorded as the work of the apostles and their disciples. It is important as well as interesting to find such writers speaking of their proximity to the apostolic era, and consequently of the perfect competency of their testimony. 'We are but of yesterday,' says Tertullian, 'yet we have filled your empire, your cities, your islands, your castles, your corporate towns, your assemblies, your very camps, your tribes, your companies, your palace, your senate, your forum. Your temples alone are left to you.' (Apologet. c. 37.) 'We constitute,' he elsewhere says, 'almost the majority in every town.'

Origen,* A. D. 230 triumphantly asks: "When before the coming of Christ did the land of Britain agree in the worship of God? When did the land of the Moors? When did the whole world together? But now, by means of the churches which occupy the extent of the whole world, all the earth shouts with joy to the God of Israel," (In Ezek. Hom. IV.) And again, "The power of our Lord and Savior is both with these in Mauritania, and with all who under the sun have believed in his name." (In Luc. Hom. VI.)

Arnobius,† speaks admiringly of the

* Origen.—Born probably at Alexandria, in 185 or 186 A. D.; died at Tyre, probably 253. One of the Greek fathers of the church. He was educated at Alexandria, and was the head of the celebrated catechetical school in that city from about 211 until 231 or 232, when for obscure reasons he was degraded by the synod from the condition of a presbyter to that of a layman. He afterward founded a school at Caesarea. He was imprisoned in the Decian persecution in 250. He was an extremely prolific author, and wrote on a great variety of subjects pertaining to theology.

† Arnobius.—There were two Christian writers of that name. One born in Numidia, lived about 300. The other an ecclesiastic of Gaul, living in 460, who wrote a "Commentary on the Psalms."

rapidity with which the word of God had reached the Indians in the East and the Britons in the West. (In Psalm 147.)

Eusebius* (A. D. 325-340) in speaking of the labors of the Apostles among the nations—the Romans, Persians, Armenians, Partheans, Indians, Scythians, particularly states that "some passed over the ocean, to those which are called the British Isles." (Book 3—Evangelical Demonstrations.)

Jerome,† A. D. 392, says, "Paul preached the gospel in the western parts." (De script. Eccles.) Again he writes, "One may find the way to heaven with the same ease in Britain as in Jerusalem." (13th Epistle to Paulinus) Also when speaking of the churches in Gaul, Britain, Africa, etc., he states, "All these churches worship the same Christ, and are governed by the same standard of faith."

Mr. Yoewell attributes the extract to the first named. Possibly this is an error.

* Eusebius.—Born probably at Caesarea, Palestine, about 264 A. D.; died there about 349. A celebrated theologian and historian, sometimes called "the Father of Church History." He was appointed Bishop of Caesarea about 315, and in 325 attended the council of Nicaea, where he was appointed to receive the Emperor Constantine with a panegyric oration, and to sit at his right hand.

† Jerome.—A prominent father of the Latin Church. Born at Stridon, Pannonia, Hungary, about 340. Died at Bethlehem 420. He studied at Rome under Donatus the grammarian and Victorinus the rhetorician. In 373, during a journey through the Orient, he was attacked with a severe illness, on recovering from which he devoted himself to an ecclesiastical life. He became a presbyter at Antioch in 379, and in 382 removed to Rome, where he became secretary to Pope Damasus. After the death of this pontiff he entered a monastery at Bethlehem. He published a Latin version of the Bible, known as the Vulgate.

John Chrysostom* A. D. 398, in several parts of his writings refers to the faith of the British Church at this period. "The Britannic Isles," he says, "which lie beyond this sea (those, I mean, lying in the very ocean,) have felt the power of the word: and even there churches are built, and altars erected." (Tome vi. p. 635.) Again "Whether you go to the ocean, even to the British Isles, or sail to the Euxine Sea, or go to the North, you will hear them everywhere teaching wisdom out of the Scriptures, each indeed differing in voice, but not in faith—in language, but not in sentiment:" Tome viii. p. 3. So again, "To whatever quarter you turn—to the Indians or Moors, or Britons, even to the remotest bounds of the West, you will find this doctrine: 'In the beginning was the word,' and with it all the means of holiness of life."

Theodoret† (A. D. 423-460) observes: "When Paul, dismissed by Festus, was by him sent to make his appeal at Rome, and after a hearing acquitted, he traveled into Spain, and thence making excursions into other nations, he brought to them the light of the gospel." And elsewhere, speaking of the nations converted by the apostles,

*John Chrysostom.—Born at Antioch, Syria, probably in 347 A. D.; died near Comana, Cappadocia, Sept. 4, 407. A celebrated father of the Greek Church. He was preacher and prelate at Antioch, was patriarch of Constantinople 398-404, and was exiled to Cappadocia 404-407.

†Theodoret.—Born at Antioch about 390; died about 457. A Greek theologian, church historian, and exegete; a member of the school of Antioch. He became bishop of Cyrus or Cyrrhus (near the Euphrates) about 423; was deposed about 448; and was restored by the council of Chalcedon in 451. He wrote commentaries, controversial works, a continuation of the history of Eusebius, lives of ascetics, letters, etc.

he expressly names the Britons; and on Psalm cxvi. he says, "The blessed apostle St. Paul teaches us, in a few words, how many nations he carried the sacred doctrines of the gospel; so that from Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum, he fully preached the gospel of Christ. He went afterwards also to Italy and Spain, and carried salvation to islands that lie in the ocean."

Venantius Fortunatus* (A. D. 560-600) says, "St. Paul passed over the ocean to the island of Britain, and to Thule,† the extremity of the earth." (Vita S. Martini, Lib. 3.) Sophronius asserts "St. Paul visited the island of Britain."

The testimony of Nicephorus has already been given‡. On the strength of the statements of the above quoted and many other ancient authors—Camden,§ Ussher, Stillingfleet, Gibson, ||Godwin,¶

*Venantius Fortunatus.—Born at Ceneda, near Treviso, Italy, about 530; died after 600. A Latin poet, Bishop of Poitiers. He was the author of 300 hymns.

†Thule.—The name given by Pytheas of Massilles to a region or island north of Great Britain, the position of which has been for more than two thousand years the subject of investigation and a matter of controversy. Some suppose Thule to have been the Orkney and Shetland Islands; others that it was Lapland.

‡Chapter 3.

§Camden, William.—Born at London, May 2nd, 1551; died at Chiselmhurst, Kent, Nov. 9, 1623. A noted English historian and antiquary. His chief works are "Britannia" (1586) "Annales rerum Anglicarum et Hibernicarum regnante Elizabetha" (1615).

||Gibson, Edmund.—Born at Bampton, Westmoreland, England, 1669; died at Bath, England, Sept. 6, 1748. An English prelate and author. He became bishop of Lincoln in 1715, and in 1723 was translated to the see of London. His chief work is "Codex Juris Ecclesiastici Anglicani" (1713).

¶Godwin, Francis.—Born at Havington, Northamptonshire, England, 1561; died 1633. An

Rapin, Burgess,* Loomes and others of modern times have all come to the conclusion that Paul was one of the founders of the British Church.

Dr. Parry thus summarizes the statements of the ancient writers:

"Both Tertullian and Origen speak of Christianity as having made its way into Britain, and they do not represent its introduction as a recent event; so that it may be presumed to have taken place long before their time. The former says, 'that there are places among the Britons which were inaccessible to the Romans, but are yet subdued by Christ.' The latter says, 'The power of God our Savior is even with them in Britain, who are divided from the world.' It was usual with the ancients, long before Origen's time, to speak of Britain as *divided from the world*. Even King Agrippa, according to Josephus, in his speech to the Jews at Jerusalem, about the beginning of the revolt, uses a similar language. Eusebius is more explicit; speaking of the pious labors of the apostles, he declares that some of them had passed over the ocean, and preached to those which are called the Britannic Islands. From his connection with the Imperial Court, and his intimacy with the Emperor Constantius, who was himself a native of Britain, he may well be supposed to have possessed the best information; and much of his reasoning depends upon the truth of the above allegation, it is natural to pre-

English bishop and author. He was appointed bishop of Llandaff in 1601, and was translated to the see of Hereford in 1617. His chief work is "A Catalogue of the Bishops of England" (1601).

* Burgess, Thomas.—Born at Odiham, Hampshire, England, Nov. 18, 1756; died at Salisbury, England, Feb. 19, 1837. An English clergyman, bishop of St. David's and later of Salisbury. He wrote "Considerations on the Abolition of Slavery" (1789), etc.

sume that he was well assured of the fact. Theodoret, also, another ancient and respectable historian, expressly names the Britons among the nations whom the Apostles (the fishermen, publicans and tent makers, as he calls them) 'had persuaded to embrace the religion of Him who was crucified.' To these testimonies may be added that of Gildas,* the earliest of the British historians. According to him, the Gospel began to be published at the time of the memorable revolt and overthrow of the Britons under Boadicea (A. D. 60 or 61), and was followed by a long interval of peace. Speaking of this revolt, with its disastrous termination and consequences, Gildas adds, 'In the meantime, Christ the true Sun afforded his rays, that is, the knowledge of His precepts, to this island, benumbed with extreme cold; having been at a great distance from the sun, not the sun in the firmament, but the Eternal Sun in heaven.'†

* Gildas.—The earliest British historian whose works have come down to us. He is known as St. Gildas the Wise. From what he himself states it is probable that he was born in A. D. 520. He is supposed to have been educated at the college of Lantwit Major, Glamorganshire. In his works he complains bitterly of the corruptions of the clergy in his days. From his numerous quotations of the Old and New Testaments it is evident that their contents were carefully studied in the early British colleges.

† Another translation gives the passage as follows:—"Meanwhile these islands, stiff with cold and frost, and in a distant region of the world, remote from the visible sun, received the beams of light, that is, the holy precepts of Christ, the true Sun, showing to the whole world his splendour, not only from the temporal firmament, but from the height of heaven, which surpasses everything temporal, at the latter part, as we know of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, by whom his religion was propagated without impediment, and death threatened to those who interfered with its professors."

"'That St. Paul did go to Britain,' says Dr. Burgess, late Bishop of Landaff, 'we may collect from the testimony of Clemens Romanus, Theodoret and Jerome, who relate that, after his imprisonment, he preached the Gospel in the western parts; that he brought salvation to the islands that lie in the ocean; and that, in preaching the Gospel, he went to the utmost bounds of the West.' What was meant by the West, and the islands that lie in the ocean, we may judge from Plutarch, Eusebius, and Bicephorus, who call the British Ocean the Western; and again from Nicephorus, who says that one of the Apostles went to the extreme countries of the ocean, and to the British Isles; but especially from the words of Catullus who calls Britain 'the utmost islands of the West;' and from Theodoret, who describes the Britons as 'inhabiting the utmost part of the west.' When Clement, therefore, says that Paul went to the utmost bounds of the West, 'we do not conjecture,' says Calmet* 'but are sure, that he meant Britain, not only because Britain was so designated, but because Paul could not have gone to the utmost bounds of the west without going to Britain.' It is almost unnecessary, therefore, to appeal to the express testimony of Venantius Fortunatus, and Sophronius, for the Apostle's journey to Britain.

"There is a force in the expression of Clemens Romanus that is justly appreciated, inasmuch as he repeats his as-

sertion. His words are: 'Paul receiveth the reward of his patience. He suffered both in the east and in the west; and having taught the whole world righteousness, and for that end, traveled to the *utmost bounds of the west* * * * he suffered martyrdom.' Had not the writer been well assured of his facts, he would have been content with his first assertion, 'he preached in the west;' whereas, he greatly strengthens this assertion by repetition and addition: 'He traveled to the utmost bounds of the West'—a mode of expression rising greatly in energy above the former; and evidently intended to mark out to the reader a determinate, specific, and well-known proposition, as the object of the phrase." *Geo. Reynolds.*

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE victories of the United States fleets with the almost total absence of killed and wounded call to mind the victory of Andrew Jackson at New Orleans over the British in the war of 1812.

The English army under the command of Sir Edward Pakenham was made up of 12,000 regulars, veterans of the wars that Wellington had fought. General Jackson's army was about half as large and lacked the extended experience of the enemy. It was strongly intrenched, however, and full of determination.

The British waited some time before making the attack, but the Americans did not withdraw, and on the 8th of January, 1815, Sir Edward and his forces advanced. The engagement lasted twenty-five minutes, and then the English broke ranks and fled, leaving 2,600 dead and wounded on the field. Only eight of the Americans were killed and thirteen wounded.

*Calmet, Dom Augustin.—Born at Mesnil-la-Horgne, near Toul, France, Feb. 26, 1672; died at Paris, Oct. 25, 1757. A noted French Benedictine scholar and biblical critic. He was the author of numerous works, including "Commentaire sur tous les livres de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament" (1707-16), a "Dictionnaire historique, critique et chronologique de la Bible" (1722-28).

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE SACRAMENT IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE administration of the sacrament of the Lord's supper pertains solely to the Priesthood. None others have the authority to bless the bread and the wine, or to take charge in the performance of the rite. Indeed, not all the members of the Priesthood have this authority. Teachers and Deacons cannot do so, but those holding the Melchisedek Priesthood and Priests after the order of Aaron are empowered of God thus to officiate. In the organized Stakes of Zion it is the rule that the Bishop of each ward takes charge and directs when this sacred rite is partaken of by the members of his ward; in foreign missions of the Church the ordinance is performed under the direction of the presidents of the respective branches, or, where no branches are organized, the missionaries from Zion attend to its administration.

In the Sunday Schools of the Saints throughout the Stakes of Zion the sacrament should be administered under the direction and appointment of the Bishop. The right to do so does not belong to the superintendent of the school. For this reason—superintendency does not necessarily carry any particular Priesthood with it. A man may or may not hold the Priesthood and yet be a Sunday School superintendent; indeed, in some few cases the superintendent is a woman. Of course, in the vast majority

of schools the superintendent does hold the Priesthood; it is eminently proper that he should do so; but there are small and remote settlements where the most suitable person has not held the Priesthood, and we have heard of branches out in the world where all the members were women. Thus it will be perceived that the rule for the superintendent to hold the Priesthood cannot be universal.

We are very much pleased when we hear of a Bishop regularly attending his ward Sunday School. We think a Bishop does not do himself full justice when he neglects to keep himself in touch with this important help in ward government. But we have heard of members of the Bishopric quietly sitting in one of the departments of the school while the sacrament was being administered and taking no part therein, either directly or indirectly; in fact we have heard of the school superintendent calling upon the Bishop to bless either the bread or the water. This procedure offends our sense of propriety. It is not consistent with the order of the Priesthood.

It is not our province, as representatives of the Sunday Schools, to direct or counsel the Bishops. That right belongs immediately to the Stake Presidencies. In the remarks that follow we desire simply to be understood as speaking for the welfare of our Sunday Schools, their progress and perfection.

While we are gratified when the Bishop of a ward is a regular attendant at the Sunday School, we know that it is not possible for every Bishop to be always present. We fully recognize the right of the Bishop to appoint a substitute to act in his behalf in the administration of the sacrament in the Sunday School. This he can do either

permanently or from Sunday to Sunday. He can appoint whom he pleases, the school superintendent or any other member in good standing in his ward, provided he holds the necessary Priesthood. This is a matter that rests entirely with the Bishop. But when he is present at the school, it seems to us that it is proper and consistent that he should himself officiate, or if he does not personally officiate, he should direct who shall attend to the rite on that occasion. When he is not present his regular appointment holds good, whether it be from week to week or for an indefinite period; that is, until changed.

However, should a Bishop from forgetfulness, inadvertence, or other cause unintentionally omit to make an appointment for the administration of the sacrament, we do not think that the children of the school should be deprived of the privilege of partaking of this holy rite. In such a case we believe the superintendent should attend to the matter himself for that morning or call upon some Elder or Priest to do so. It is better to do so than that the ordinance should be omitted, as the superintendent (presuming, of course that he holds the Priesthood) does not exceed the power of his calling by so doing.

With the war between Spain and the United States, and the accompanying success in arms of the latter, there has arisen a sentiment that this nation should hold as its own all territory conquered by its soldiers. Those who advocate this cry out against giving up what has been won by American danger and American blood, and they hail a new state of things under the name imperialism.

When war was declared all means of

injuring the enemy and weakening her power were legitimate. The United States had a squadron in the far East and over it a daring brave soldier. At an early opportunity, he came down upon Spain's oriental possessions and at one blow destroyed their defensive power, making them an easy prey to the native insurgents and our land forces. Among the West Indies lies the island of Porto Rico, another dependency of Spain. While our soldiers were being mustered for the invasion of Cuba our Atlantic fleet bombarded San Juan and a footing was gained on Porto Rican soil. The war was not begun to take from Spain the Philippines nor Porto Rico; it was only an armed intervention in behalf of Cuba, the intervention will almost certainly be successful and Spain's power in Cuba will no doubt soon cease. But the United States will probably be in a position to demand concessions from Spain in relation to the Philippines and Porto Rico as well, and in that case it is a very serious matter what policy will be pursued. No doubt this nation will hold these islands until the war indemnity is paid; some, however, advocate holding them permanently and with them Cuba, also, as provinces.

Thus they would begin a colonial system that has never existed with this nation before. They would compel others to accept a state of things that one hundred year ago drove the founders of this Republic to rebellion. They would break faith with the Cuban patriots and with the world by changing the conflict from a fraternal, self-sacrificing struggle for liberty to a greedy unrighteous war of conquest. They would depart from the fundamental principle that government is for the people and exists only by their consent,

and substitute the cowardly plea of the strong that might is right.

The end of the present war and the circumstances that will then arise cannot be foreseen. It is possible that Spain, if conquered, will be too weak to hold her colonies. They too, may not be strong enough to defend themselves independently against the great powers. It might be well under these conditions for the United States to give other nations to understand that she will champion the cause of the weak again, if necessity arises, as she has done in the case of the Cubans. If the people are not able to govern themselves this nation could consistently establish a system perhaps somewhat similar to the British system in Egypt, helping them to govern themselves until that help is no longer necessary, or until, the people being willing, they are thought fit to be made an integral part of this republic.

WE are asked the question, "Will the seeing of the sick healed or hearing anyone speak in tongues, and these manifestations alone, give a testimony of the truth of the Gospel?"

The healing of the sick and the speaking in tongues are two of the gifts which the Lord has promised to those who obey His Gospel. Where these gifts exist in the Church, they are, as far as they go, evidences of the true Gospel. But while that is so, there have been cases of the sick being healed by those who were not members of the Church of Jesus Christ; and there have been cases in our own Church where persons have spoken in tongues under a wrong influence and spirit.

Therefore these signs alone do not give a testimony of the truth of the Gospel; neither are they a testimony

that the person or persons who do these things are true servants of God.

The signs which Jesus said should follow the believers are a great comfort to those who possess them, and they are a cause of rejoicing to those who witness them. But experience has taught the Church that those who embrace the Gospel because they see signs, and depend upon them alone for evidence of the truth of the Gospel, do not have a good foundation for their faith, and they frequently fall away. Something more than these is needed as a foundation for faith and as a testimony of the truth of the Gospel.

The reliable testimony must come from within—that is, the Saint should have the testimony of the Holy Ghost within. Outward signs and evidences go to corroborate and strengthen the inward testimony.

After this explanation, we may answer the question by saying that the seeing of the sick healed and the hearing of one speak in tongues, and these alone, are only a partial testimony of the truth of the Gospel. In and of themselves they are not sufficient to furnish such a testimony as Latter-day Saints ought to have.

Another question is asked:

"Is it right for persons to say that they have a strong testimony of the truth of the Gospel if they are not in possession of the same?"

Above all things, those who profess to be Latter-day Saints should be truthful, and not claim knowledge which they do not possess.

There have been many instances, however in the history of the people of the Lord where persons have arisen to speak and attempted to bear testimony, and while doing so the Spirit of the

Lord has descended upon them in such power that they have been able to testify truly concerning the work of God and in a manner that would not have been possible for them to have done previous to their making the attempt.

It is not unfrequently the case that persons have evidence concerning the truth which they do not recognize as evidence, because they are looking for the evidence to be given them in some other form or manner than that in which they have received it.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE NAVAL SIDE OF THE WAR.

THE fourth of July just passed has been one of the most prominent in the history of our nation. The news of the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the safety of our own was received with the same feeling and enthusiasm as thirty-five years ago greeted the news in the North of General Lee's defeat at Gettysburg, with the flower of the Southern troops and the victory of General Meade, who commanded the Federal forces. Both battles were fought on the third of July, and both were the critical points of two great wars for the liberty of the human race.

When the news of Commodore Dewey's entrance into the Manila harbor and his victory without the loss of a man over Admiral Montojo's fleet was received, the whole world was astonished and regarded it almost as a historical accident, an occurrence that could never be repeated. Still some pointed out that the Spaniards were taken by surprise, and that the American fleet, though smaller, was in some respects the better of the two. They looked for

the struggle of all naval warfare to be enacted in the Atlantic, where the fleets were perhaps more evenly matched and the quality of generalship on each side was thought to be unquestioned. It certainly was an unprecedented struggle, though not exactly in the sense expected.

On the 29th of April the Spanish fleet set sail from the Cape Verde Islands, which lie off the coast of Africa, almost due east of the seat of war. Its destination was kept secret, and the Americans were left to conjecture what course it would follow. Some maintained that Admiral Cervera had returned to Spain; others strongly suspected that he had taken a north-westerly route and would strike his first blow at Boston or some other American city. Cruisers were sent out to patrol the coast, but they found no sign of the Spanish. On the 12th of May, when Admiral Sampson was pouring out his ammunition against the defenses of San Juan, Porto Rico, the report came that the enemy's fleet was at Martinique, a French Island of the Lesser Antilles, and on the following day Commodore Schley with the flying squadron was ordered south. On the 14th the Spanish fleet was reported off the Venezuelan coast, and then for two weeks it was successful in evading all of our ships. May 29th, just a month after setting out, Commodore Schley located the unfortunate squadron in Santiago harbor, and established a blockade to prevent their withdrawal. Admiral Sampson immediately joined the blockade and took command of the united fleets. The problem now lay before him of effectually closing in Admiral Cervera until our land forces had been transported from Florida or until the destruction of the mines and fortifications at the entrance of the harbor would permit the American ships

to go in and engage the Spanish. A plan that seemed to provide for this was laid before Admiral Sampson by a studious young man who had resigned the position of assistant naval constructor to take that of lieutenant in the field. The man was Richmond Pearson Hobson, and his plan contemplated his own death.

Lieutenant Hobson proposed manning the collier *Merrimac* with six men besides himself, then drive her into the harbor and at a certain narrow pass sink her with her keel across the channel. In the choice of men, hundreds volunteered to go, and some wept when they were not selected. One sailor even stowed himself away until the *Merrimac* had set out. Under a terrific fire from land batteries and ships, Hobson successfully steered his vessel to the chosen point and then fired her own magazines. Almost by a miracle the eight men aboard escaped without injury, and were taken prisoners by the Spaniards.

Lieutenant Hobson's deed is one of the bravest ever performed in any war. It may be compared in daring to that of the Spartans at Thermopylae or of the English Six Hundred at Balaklava. But it manifested more than mere daring. There was present the generous desire to sacrifice himself and by so materially aiding to close the war, avoid much suffering and delay. There was necessary also thorough understanding of facts and conditions and practiced skill in seamanship or success could not be hoped for.

In entering the harbor a shot from one of the batteries tore away the rudder of the *Merrimac*, and this accident made it impossible to carry out the plan adopted. The vessel was brought to the proper place but would not swing around sufficiently to block the channel entirely. Both Americans and Spaniards

were probably unaware of this for a time at least, and so the *Merrimac* in part accomplished its mission.

In the forenoon of the 3rd of July, just a month after Hobson's exploit, the Spanish fleet emerged after its stay of five weeks in the harbor, where it had gone expecting only to coal. The sortie was led by Admiral Cervera's flagship the *Christobal Colon*, and behind it were the *Vizcaya*, the *Admirante Oquendo* the *María Teresa*, and the two torpedo boat destroyers, the *Furor* and the *Pluton*.

The fleet had not come out to fight a pitched battle, but hoped to run the blockade, relying on the speed of the vessels. The Americans were on the alert, however, and began a running fight. One by one they overhauled the retreating fleet and made them targets for the men behind the guns, and one after another the Spanish ships caught fire and lowered their colors. The whole fleet was at last destroyed, and every man aboard, numbering 2,110, either killed or taken prisoner. The American loss was one man killed and two wounded.

Thus ended the naval side of the war between the United States and Spain. It is ended because Spain has no more fleets, and the condition of her finances prevents her purchasing one. She has lost while it continued twenty-one warships, besides the same number of merchantmen, and about 3,000 men in killed and captured. The United States has lost no ships, and in the naval fights has had only one man killed and eight wounded.

The fleets will probably have no more fighting to do now unless Admiral Watson goes to Spain. The work of freeing Cuba is given over to the army.

The Editor.

Our Little Folks.

AN ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 486.)

THE willows were low, and did not afford much protection. The Indian again mounted his horse and rode around, and again tried to shoot my father. This caused mother to jump into the slough. The water was up to her neck, but she preferred to drown rather than be taken by the Indians. Father again pointed the revolver at the Indian, and again he turned back. Father then took my mother's little brother whom she was holding up out of the water, and she got out, and they went down to try to cross the swamp at another point, but were headed off by ten Indians, and they had to take to the swamps again. Then the little brother began to cry, because the water was so cold. So they left the water again, and mother sat down behind a bunch of willows, taking the little boy on her lap, and father leaned over them. While in that position father said, "This is just the way you dreamed we were." Mother had not thought of the dream after she related it to him until then.

The Indians did not follow them into the willows, but turned their attention to the wagon.

Mabel Nelson. Aged 14 years.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

ELSINORE, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: One morning last winter we went out and there was a little lamb. It was frozen. We took it to the house and warmed it and it got

well. We kept it in the house for awhile and now it is all right.

Yours truly,

Thomas Shaw. Aged 10 years.

Christ at Mary and Martha's.

HERRIMAN, UTAH.

It is not often that such a visitor as Jesus comes to anyone's house. But He went to Mary and Martha's. Martha set the table with the best things, fine ripe fruit, perhaps. Mary sat at Jesus's feet listening to all that He had to teach her about heaven, and how to live right. Martha began to scold Mary because she did not help her with her work. But Jesus told Mary that it was better to learn the way of life from Him than to serve fine food for Him. Mary and Martha have a beautiful story, which we can read in the Bible. This is the first time I have written to the JUVENILE. With love to all.

Caroline Crane. Aged 13 years.

HERRIMAN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am fifteen year old; but I love to read the little children's letters, and thought I should like to have my name among the rest who write for the INSTRUCTOR. I am assistant secretary in our Primary Association. I have three brothers and one sister; their names are: Horace, Angus, Lewis, and Lizzie. Lewis is the baby. I ask blessings upon all the dear children.

Zella Stocking.

WEST JORDAN.

DEAR LETTER BOX: I cannot read the little letters yet, but I like to hear my brothers read them. I cannot write very well, so my brother is writing for me. I have a brother on a mission,

and a baby sister. I love them all very much. Last winter was the first I went to school.

Zelpha Bateman. Aged 7 years.

BINGHAM CANYON.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: My mother takes the JUVENILE, and we are so pleased with the little letters. I go to Sunday School and learn the principles of the Gospel. This is the first time I have written to the Letter-Box.

Lottie Shelley. Aged 13 years.

Why did you not tell us something about your home in the canyon, Lottie?

L. L. G. R.

WEST BOUNTIFUL.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: My Sunday School teacher told us about a sick man who was healed by faith. He was not a member of the Church, but he believed in the principles of the Gospel, and wanted to be baptized, and had faith that he should be healed. It was cold weather. His friends put his bed on a wagon and took him to the river. They had to cut a hole in the ice to baptize him, but when it was done he came up out of the water a well man, and walked home. I think this a great testimony which should strengthen our faith.

Uberto Eldredge. Aged 11 years.

WOODS CROSS.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I am a little girl six years old. My mamma is helping me to write. We have a little pet lamb and a little dog named Cute. We live on a ranch in the summer time. Our ranch is in Idaho. We lived with grandma last winter.

Hannah Jane Eldredge.

TOOELE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: In the summer time I have to work in the garden to keep it clean from weeds. I am in the Second Reader at School. I have four brothers and three sisters. The baby's name is Oscar.

Culbert Bowen. Aged 9 years.

TROPIC, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I am in the First Reader. My teacher's name is Maggie Davis, and she teaches us to sing. I have a little sister two years old; her name is Elsie; she has blue eyes and white curly hair.

Jennie Cope. Aged 7 years.

NOTE.—From Herriman, Salt Lake County, two children, George Peterson, age 12 years, and Julia Tempest, age 9 years, both send the story of the "Bundle of Sticks." As it appears in the Letter-Box, their two letters are combined. And from the same place (Herriman), Mahonri Butterfield, age 10 years, John Butterfield, age 12 years, and George Butterfield, age 9 years, each send a letter about an owl. To save space and repetition, the three letters are given as one.

L. L. G. R.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: There is a story about a good man who had three sons, and wanted to teach them a good lesson. He went in the woods and cut a bundle of sticks and tied them together. Then he handed the bundle to the smallest boy and asked him to break it. He could not, neither could either of the older boys. But when the bundle was untied, each of the boys could break any one of the sticks. The

father told his boys to remember the lesson he was teaching them, and if they would always be united in good works they would be strong like the bundle and not easily overcome. But if they separated, and went each his own way, they would be weak and easily overcome, as each stick by itself was easy to break. And another lesson they were to learn from the sticks was that when they had a great deal of work on hand, they should only try to do a little at a time, and do it well; and after a while, if they were diligent, they would get it all done. But if they tried to do too much at once, they would fail in their work, as they did in trying to break the bundle of sticks.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will write about an owl. Mr. Stocking caught an owl in a tree and gave it to the teacher. It was about the size of a dove. We had it in school. It had a string tied to one of its feet and was fastened in the window. If we went to touch it it would try to bite us. Its feathers were gray and brown, and it had large, gray eyes. Owls hoot in the night. There are many different kinds of owls, and some funny stories are told about their hallooing "Hoo! hoo!" and fooling people.

FARMINGTON.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I go to school on a horse, and I ride two miles and a half. I am eleven years old, and I have a sister that is five years old in July, and a brother that is fifteen. I like to go to Sunday School. As our letters must be short, I will close.

Louisa Haight.

SNOWFLAKE.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I was born here,

in 1889. I went with my mother to St. George a year ago last September, and visited my grandma, uncles, aunts and cousins, and saw the beautiful Temple. We had a good time. I attend Sunday and day school and Primary. We had lots of snow and cold weather last winter. I like to read the letters published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Your little friend,

Bessie Frost.

TOUQUERVILLE, WASHINGTON CO.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I like to read the letters of the little Latter-day Saints. I go to Sunday School and Primary, and I like to attend all my little meetings. I love to learn about the Lord and His laws. I go to school in the winter, and am in the Fourth Reader.

Your friend,

Jessie Anderson. Aged 12 years.

MANCOS, COLO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am seven years old. I have a baby brother and like to tend him, but when he cries I want mamma to take him. I go to school and like my teacher very much. I have twenty-nine perfect cards and four merit cards.

Lellie Moselle Halls.

BRIGHAM CITY.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I like to read the little letters, but have not seen any from this city yet. I thought if I should write one others might follow. If this is good enough to print, it may give me courage to write again.

Alice Poulson. Aged 12 years.

Alice should have told us something of the beautiful city in which she lives, and the good people there.

L. L. G. R.

SCIPIO, MILLARD CO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: The 8th of last February I was ten years old. I will tell you something which happened on that day. A neighbor lady of ours heard something disturbing her chickens. She went to the door and saw it was a lynx, and it jumped at her. She got inside and closed the door, and it jumped up at the window three times. Two of her little boys were playing at a neighbor's, and she feared they might come while the lynx was there, and it would hurt them. So she and her little girls, who were with her, prayed that the animal would leave before the boys came; and it went away just before the boys got home. The next morning the lady came over and told us about it. As she went back, she looked in her chicken-coop, and there the lynx was. She screamed, and papa went over and killed it. It was a very large lynx, measured four feet, and it had killed eleven chickens.

Josie Memmott.

CEDAR CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I like to hear the little letters in the JUVENILE, and so I will write one. I go to Sunday School and Primary. I was eight years old on the 16th of last January. My uncle baptized me and grandpa confirmed me a member of the Church. I hope I will grow up to be a good woman.

Your little friend,

Caroline Jones.

TOOELE CO., UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I have never written to the Letter-box before. I live in Tooele County, and I love to read the little letters. I am nine years old. I go to Sunday School and Primary

and day school. My teacher is very nice; his name is Mr. Drummond.

Lena St. Jear.

EPHRAIM, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I am a little girl that was born in Denmark. I came to Utah a year ago last May. I will tell you what happened when I was smaller. I got hurt by falling on the stove. I could neither see nor talk. We got the Elders to administer to me. As soon as they took their hands off my head I told mamma that I wanted to get up because I was well. Mamma would hardly believe me. I like to read the JUVENILE. This is my first letter written in English.

Your new friend,

Katie Jensen. Age 12 years.

SALT LAKE CITY.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have one sister and five brothers. I like Sunday School and Primary. I go to school and am in the Third Grade. Our school is called the Grant School.

Mabel Hunter. Age 8 years.

FARR WEST, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER BOX: I go to school and to Sunday School. Last winter our Sunday School went sleigh-riding and we had a very good time. I will close my letter and if I see it in print I may write more next time.

Your friend,

Ida E. Crane.

TROPIC, GARFIELD CO.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I am in the Third Reader and my teacher's name is Samuel Henrie. I like to go to Sunday school and meeting. I have four

pet rabbits. I like to read the letters in the JUVENILE. As our letters must be short, I will close.

Benjamin Cope. Age 10 years.

BLOOMINGTON, BEAR LAKE CO., IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We live on a ranch in the summer. I will tell of a wolf that would come and take anything it could get. One morning when papa and I were milking, the wolf came and killed one of our neighbor's sheep which was feeding near our yard. It ran after the others, when the owner of the sheep, shot from his door and frightened the wolf away. It took a hen that was setting one time, and sucked all her eggs, which would have hatched in a few days; and it got a turkey another time. All the teachers in our Primary and Sunday School are very kind.

M. Estella Long. Age 12 years.

BINGHAM CANYON, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: My mother takes the JUVENILE, and I am very much interested in the letters written by the little folks. Our Sunday School was only started a year ago last September. We have no Primary up here yet. Our letters must be short, and I will close.

Your friend,

Ernest N. Shelley.

Aged 10 years.

JUAREZ, MEXICO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I like to read the little letters. I was born in Mexico eight years ago. I was baptized last fast day. I have eight brothers and two sisters. My baby sister is just eight years and four days younger than I am. I go to school, and Primary school is closed now for vacation. I like my teachers.

Barry Harris.

THE INDIAN BOY'S TWENTY-FOURTH.

It was a morning in July. At the base of a range of mountains that formed the eastern boundary of a great valley stood an Indian boy. Westward he turned his gaze. The grey sage that lay both south and north here also met his view. Down through its midst a silver band showed the course of a winding river, that, pouring itself into the bitter waters of the great inland sea, sought vainly to make them sweet. In the hazy light of the summer day the gray valley grew more gray in the distance until it touched the dark waters of the bitter sea and the mountains of blue that shut it in.

The boy turned from all this and looked attentively at the dark spot down in the valley where strange men unlike himself had come and made their camp. Two days before they had come and immediately with appliances strange as themselves had begun turning over the virgin soil, and by some unknown means directing the waters of a near-by stream to cover it.

As still he gazed, slowly another stranger band emerged from the mountains. It came near his side and halted. In one of the wheeled vehicles lay a man, pale and weak, who as the carriage stopped raised up and looked upon the land and uttered strange words as he beheld it. The boy knew not the man, knew not his words, but in his eyes he saw a strange light and on his face an expression that made him look like some fair god.

A tremor shook the frame of the Indian child, a thrill went to his very heart. He seemed to feel the import of those words. The land where he was born, where as the old man said his sires had hunted, since the great lake left the mountain side was now by strangers taken and lost to him for evermore.

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(When writing please mention this paper.)



CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT MARCH 5th, 1898.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:45 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.
No. 42—Leaves Salt Lake City for Park City and intermediate points at	8:00 a. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:06 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:35 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	5:30 p. m.

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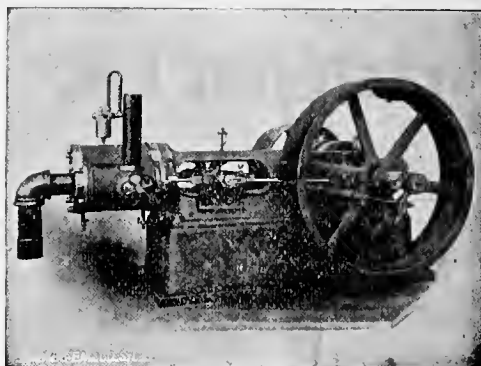
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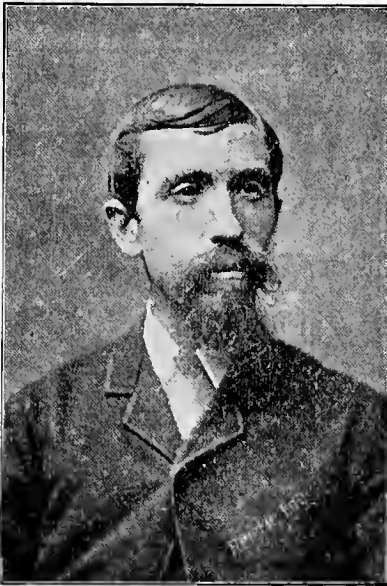
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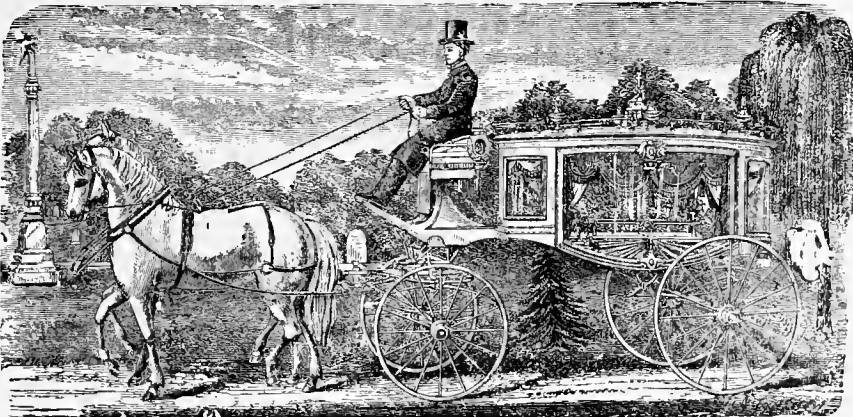
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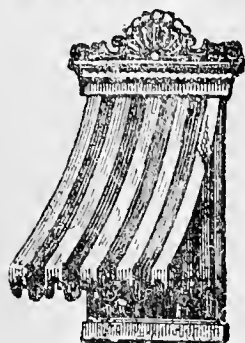
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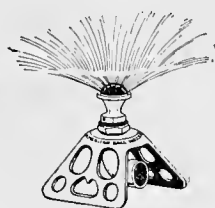
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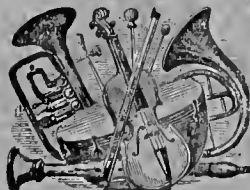
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